

3,000 DEAD.

(Continued from first page.)

and Allegheny have called a public meeting in the old city hall, Pittsburgh, at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

Quakey, the leading clothier of Pittsburgh, will send \$2,000 worth of clothing to Johnstown, and his own relief corps will distribute it.

Mayor McCallen, of Pittsburgh, has telegraphed Gov. Beaver, at Harrisburg, to send militia tents to Johnstown.

People from every town within 100 miles of Pittsburgh, particularly iron communities, are crowding the telegraph offices, weeping and wailing and waiting for news.

The Allegheny River at this point is rising at a frightful rate and is black with debris. The police and fire departments are out looking for bodies.

A later telegram from Johnstown says the financial loss is about \$2,000,000, and that 5,000 houses were swept into the stream yesterday.

PERISHING IN FLAMES.

Seventy-five Lives Reported Lost in the Fire at Johnstown Bridge.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

BOLIVAR, June 1.—The strange picture of flames rising above the flood is presented at the Johnstown bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Houses carried away by the waters are stacked up against the bridge, making a mass three-quarters of a mile long and forty feet high.

This mass has caught fire in some way and is burning fiercely.

The flames are spreading to the bridge. Seventy-five people are reported as burned with this wreckage, besides the bodies of some who met death in other ways.

The whole lower part of Johnstown is under water, the big Cambria Iron Works being totally submerged.

The number of the dead by the flood is still estimated at 1,500, but may exceed that. Telegraphic communication being cut off from the flooded city, news is brought here by mounted couriers.

FINDING THE DEAD.

A Hundred Bodies at Ninevah and Many at the Old Man's Store.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—One hundred bodies have been recovered at Ninevah and seventy-five persons are known to have been burned at Johnstown.

A train load of provisions left Pittsburgh at 11 o'clock for the scene of the flood.

Edward Deck, a young railroad man of Lockport, saw an old man floating down the river on a tree trunk, with agonized face and streaming gray hair.

Deck plunged into the torrent and brought the old man safely ashore.

Scarcely had he done so, when the upper story of a house floated by on which Mrs. Adams, of Cambria, and her two children were both seen.

Deck plunged in again and while breaking through the tin roof of the house cut an artery in his left wrist, but, though weakened with loss of blood, he succeeded in saving both mother and children.

Mr. William Hayes, just returning from Johnstown, says the place is uninhabited. John McCarthy, who lives in Johnstown, reached here this morning.

He left Johnstown at 4:30 yesterday and says the scene when he left was indescribable. The people had been warned early in the morning to move to the heights, but they did not heed the warning, although it was repeated a number of times up to 1 o'clock, when the water poured into the streets several feet deep.

The houses began rocking to and fro, and finally the force of the current carried buildings across streets and vacant lots and dashed them against each other, breaking them into fragments.

These buildings were freighted with the poor wretches who so shortly before had laughed at the danger.

In some cases McCarthy said he counted as many as fifteen persons clinging to buildings. McCarthy's wife was with him.

They left the flooded district and went inland along the country roads until they reached here.

It is said to be next to impossible to get to Johnstown proper to-day in any manner except by rowboat.

The only hope is to get within about three miles by special train or by hand-car.

LATER—THE WATER RECEDING.

The waters are now receding as rapidly as they rose last night, and as the banks uncover the dead are showing up.

Already nine dead bodies have been picked up within the limits of this borough since daylight.

Nine of them have yet been recognized. Five of those found are of women.

One woman, probably twenty-five years old, had clasped in her arms a babe about six months old.

The dead body of a young man was found in the branches of a tree, which had been carried down stream.

Of the body of another woman, just discovered in the water here, only one foot was visible above the water.

A rope was fastened around it and tied to a tree, and assistance is now awaited to bring the body ashore.

John Webber and wife, an aged couple; Mike Metzger and John Forney, were rescued near here this morning.

They had been carried from their home in Cambria City on the roof of a house.

There were seven others on the roof when it was carried off by the water, but they were all drowned.

The bank on each side of the river at this place is crowded with anxious watchers, and with horrifying frequency their vigils are rewarded by the discovery of a dead body.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE FROM JOHNSTOWN AND UP-RIVER TOWNS ARE HURRYING HERE IN SEARCH OF FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WHO WERE SWEEP AWAY.

A report has just been received that twenty persons are on an island near Ninevah and that a number of men and women are on a partly submerged tree.

ful valley of the Conemaugh River, in Cambria County, is a horrible scene of devastation, ruin and death to-day.

The wrecks of houses, stores and factories are strewn along the banks of the river for a distance of many miles.

A dozen villages and the city of Johnstown, with its 25,000 population, are literally destroyed.

The loss of life is tremendous, probably thousands of people having been destroyed in the flood caused by the breaking of the greatest reservoir in the world, located two miles above South Fork, and ten miles above Johnstown.

The dam gave way at its base at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, emptying the water of Conemaugh Lake, three and a half miles long and three and a half miles wide and more than one hundred feet deep in places, into the valley.

Conemaugh Lake had been dammed by the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, composed of wealthy gentlemen of Pittsburgh.

It was more than 250 feet above the Johnstown level, on the side of the Allegheny mountains, and the dam was 110 feet high and 90 feet in thickness at the base.

The top of the dam was 700 to 1,000 feet wide.

Recognizing the danger to the valley below the company had the dam inspected every month by the Pennsylvania Railroad engineers, and their report was that nothing less than a convulsion of nature's forces could tear the barrier away.

The convulsion came yesterday. For forty-eight hours a steady and heavy rain had been falling all along the valley of the South Fork and Conemaugh rivers, and at 5 o'clock the people of the valley had been warned of impending danger.

At 5 o'clock there was a water-spout, and then the dam gave way.

With a rush and a roar the flood went pouring down the valley carrying everything before it.

Sturdy elms and stanch old oaks were wrenched out of the ground and tossed and tumbled like straws by the irresistible torrent.

Two miles below the dam was the town of South Fork, where the South Fork empties into the Conemaugh. It had 500 houses, and 2,000 inhabitants.

The warning had been received by the people of this devoted town and many of them had clambered up the mountain sides to await the subsidence of the storm, taking with them only a few belongings wherewith to stock improved camps.

And from their places of security in an incredibly short time after 5 o'clock they saw their homes swept away and the town completely destroyed.

Down through the "Pack-saddle" came the rushing waters, already freighted with the trees and timbers of the valley above.

The trunks and boughs of the trees, its first victims, were used by the angry torrent as wherewithal to strike destruction in its further course.

Many people were still in their houses, and the surging waters were so rapid in their movements that many of these were caught at their avocations and drowned at their posts.

Others rushed to the upper floors only to be overtaken there, while some succeeded in reaching the roofs, and these were carried away with the tide and were seen tossing hither and thither on the upper wave, then submerged or dashed against some obstacle in the pathway of the vengeful torrent.

And where the fair village of South Fork rested yesterday there is not a house, not a soul to-day!

Gasping for fresh impetus and fresh strength as it went, the flood rushed on and caught the little village of Mineral Point, two miles below.

The Point had 800 inhabitants and was on a flat at the very bottom of the green-clad valley.

Not a house was left. Four miles further down the river, which runs alongside the tracks of the Pennsylvania road, was the beautiful little town of Conemaugh.

Here the valley widened and the village sat on a little eminence, though in the centre of the valley, and it was hoped that in a case of flood the torrent would be stopped here.

Indeed, the people below Conemaugh had some faith in this idea that they had made little or no preparation for the flood, even after the warning was sent out.

But the devoted little Conemaugh was wrecked from its foundations, and its homes and business houses were ruthlessly tossed and torn by the maddened waters, and her 2,500 people were made homeless, while many of them were swept away by the tidal wave to destruction.

Woodville, a village of 2,000 inhabitants, a mile below, and the city of Johnstown, another mile down the valley, with her suburbs, Cambria City and Conemaugh Borough, were next caught in the flood.

The torrent had travelled ten miles, and it was forty feet deep when it washed over Johnstown.

Johnstown with her suburbs had a population of more than 30,000.

The Cambria Iron and Steel Company employed 4,000 men in their big factory and had \$5,000,000 worth of buildings, machinery and stock.

All this was reduced to a ruin, and the devoted city was literally wiped out and hundreds of lives were lost.

From places far up the mountain side fugitives from the flood watched the course of the destroyer as it did its ghastly work among their homes.

After two hours but two roofs in the city could be seen above the water, and during those awful two hours those in safety had witnessed scenes such as have turned hair to gray and furrowed up smooth young faces with seams and wrinkles like those of old age, while many a heart was torn and bleeding with anguish unexpressed.

In the flood as it came down the valley were hundreds of people clinging to the grip of drowning ones, to trees to which they had taken at the first warning of the approaching flood. The trees had been torn up by the roots and carried away with their human freight.

Here and there one or two or three persons floated swiftly past on the roof of their palaces, the thing nearest to them when the tide rose and they were up the valley.

And then there were almost countless dead bodies rolled and tossed by the ruthless water, some of them still clinging to the grasp of death, to some floating article, but most of them wrenched from their holdings and ghastly in death.

All along the route of the flood people

rushed to the bridges to give aid to those who might float down on the maddened sea, but as the terrific flood approached they saw how fruitless would be their efforts and how dangerous their attempt, and rushing from the bridges would reach the shore just in time to see the structures rent and torn asunder, their ruins added to the floating debris.

The struggles of the helpless victims in the water were heart-rending in the extreme.

At Solivar the waters spread in five minutes over the whole country, and houses went floating down, men, women and children clinging to the debris, shrieking wildly for aid.

The people of Garfield, on the opposite side of the river, rushed to the stone bridge below the town with ropes, and these were thrown over into the boiling water in an endeavor to save some poor beings.

But all efforts were fruitless until a lad astride a shingle roof managed to catch a dangling rope.

So swift was the speed of the torrent that he was hurled violently against an abutment. But he managed to retain his grip on the rope and was hauled up on to the bridge.

He was John Hessler, and he related an awful experience.

He is sixteen years old, and was spending the day with his grandfather at Cambria City.

There were also there Theodore, Edward and John Kintz and John Kintz, Jr.; Miss Mary Kintz, Mrs. Mary Kintz, Miss Tracy Kintz, Mrs. Rita Smith, John Hirsch, four children and the father and grandfather of young Hessler.

"Shortly after 5 o'clock," says young Hessler, "there was a rush and roar of waters and we heard screaming people outside. Our home was on the side hill and my father said the water would not reach us."

"The house further down were being swept away, and we all went up into the third story. I was scared and I jumped upon a bed. It was an old-fashioned bed, with big, stout posts."

"The water reached that floor and kept rising till my bed was afloat. My grandfather, my father, John Kintz and John Hirsch climbed out of a window with Mary and Mrs. Kintz, but I staid on the bed."

"I kept rising, and finally the big posts were pushed through the ceiling. I crawled out through one of the holes made that way and got on the roof."

"I saw the men who got out of the window on trees, Mary and Mrs. Kintz must have drowned, and Miss Smith was also drowned."

"The water kept rising and the roof began to float down on the tide. I saw grandfather and father, caught in the tree by the water, covered over and drowned."

"John Hirsch and the four children were also drowned in a tree. My roof parted and then I sailed away at awful speed. Live bodies and corpses were all about me in the water. I could hear somebody shriek in the water, but I could not see him disappear."

"All along people on shore tried to save us, but they could do nothing, the water carried us along so fast. Only a very few were saved."

A man named Young, living in Johnstown, floated down the flood on a bit of floor. He held two women in his arms.

At the upper bridge, Bolivar, a rope was thrown to them. Young tried to grasp it and hold fast to the women, one of whom was his aged mother, but he was jerked away from them.

Then he bravely dropped the rope and fell back upon the raft, again taking the women in his arms.

A little further down the frail raft floated toward the base of the flood. Young seized toward the raft a branch of a tree and had the overhanging branches of a tree and had succeeded, by Herculean efforts in placing the women on the upper boughs of the tree, when the heavy debris of a bridge came down on the flood, struck the tree, tore it from the ground and hurled it into the water, drowning all three.

Young's heroism filled the minds of the distracted spectators only a few moments to give place to admiration for that of a mother who, floating under the bridge on the roof of a shed with her two little ones in her arms, shook her head sadly when a rope was lowered to her and clung more closely to her babes.

The mother's sacrifice was availed at Cokeville, a little further down, for all three were rescued.

A little girl, kneeling, her hands clasped in prayer, tumbled down on the torrent on a bit of flooring.

There was a beautiful expression on the white, frightened face as she passed on to death a little further on, where her raft was shattered against a tree.

To add to the horror of the flood, the debris caught fire at Johnstown, and floating bonfires illuminated the desolated valley.

Unfortunates were compelled to leap from their burning rafts into a death not less sure in the torrent, and their shrieks as they gave up all hope were terrible to the ear.

IT WAS A VALLEY DEATH-TRAP.

Description by an Old Resident of the Scene Where the Flood Raged.

George B. Elder, who is engineer of the Cyclone Pulverizing Company, in this city, has his home at Johnstown. He gives this description of the scene of the flood:

"Conemaugh Lake, or reservoir, is about three hundred feet higher than the valley of the Conemaugh River. It is at the head of South Fork River, two miles above South Fork village, where it empties into Conemaugh River."

"This lake is on the left bank of the Conemaugh, and through a narrow valley to Stony Creek, below Johnstown, where the stone bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad crosses the river, which probably acted as a dam to the flood, keeping it back in the valley."

"Conemaugh stands only five feet above low-water mark, and Mineral Point is literally on a mud with low-water mark, while Johnstown and its suburbs are close down by the water line and have only a very few brick houses and buildings."

"There could be no surer of a flood than this, and all of these towns must surely be swept away. There is no help for it. I have roved and fished on Conemaugh Lake all my life and know it has always been a menace to the valley."

"Bolivar is about eighteen miles below Johnstown, and the flood-rates once opened the water mud with low-water mark, while Johnstown and its suburbs are close down by the water line and have only a very few brick houses and buildings."

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Pittsburg and thirty-seven miles west-southwest of Altoona.

It was the eastern terminus of the Pennsylvania Canal.

It had National and savings banks, printing offices, daily and weekly newspapers, sixteen churches, several tanneries, flour, planing and woolen mills and a convent and an academy.

ALARM ALONG THE POTOMAC.

Ten Feet of Water Running in the Streets of Harper's Ferry.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1.—A freshet is feared in the Potomac as the result of the great flood. It was stated at the Signal Office that there was every possibility that the Potomac would overflow its banks before the storm is over.

It is regarded as almost certain that there will be an overflow of the James and Susquehanna rivers and that considerable damage will be done.

For a period of twenty days prior to the storm there had been no rainfall in any of the South-west States and crops had suffered greatly, the rain only coming in time to prevent their being completely ruined.

The signal office received the following from the signal office at Harper's Ferry:

"A flood—I am making preparations to leave my office, which is on the river bank. The water in Shenandoah street is 8 to 10 feet deep. The rivers are now rising two feet of being as high as in 1877, and are rising rapidly."

FLOOD'S WORK IN VIRGINIA.

The North River Overflows—Several Houses at Bridgewater Washed Away.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

HARRISBURG, Va., June 1.—The Shenandoah River has been rising rapidly for the past ten hours, and at 8 o'clock this morning is higher than at any time since 1870.

The North River, a branch of the Shenandoah, has overflowed its banks seven miles southwest of here, and the lower part of the town of Bridgewater is under water.

Several houses are reported to have been washed away, and the water is rising rapidly.

All telegraphic communications have been shut off, and nothing definite can be learned.

TRIED TO KILL HIS WIFE.

BRADFORD WILLIAMS, THE ELOCUTIONIST, STABS HER TWICE.

Bradford Williams, the elocutionist, stabbed his wife, Mrs. Williams, with a knife.

She was at her mother's house, corner of One Hundred and Seventy-first street and Audubon avenue.

They quarreled and Williams became infuriated.

He secured a knife and made a vicious blow at the defenseless woman.

She threw up her arms, but only partially succeeded in warding off the blow.

The knife cut her arm and slashed her face.

She turned to flee and he plunged the knife into her back.

Then he fled and up to a late hour had not been heard from.

The woman, weak and faint from loss of blood, was taken in an ambulance to the Manhattan Hospital.

The police of the thirty-second precinct were notified and are looking for the would-be murderer.

100 MINERS ENTOMBED.

THE BERRY HILL COAL MINE CAVES IN AND ITS SHAFTS ARE CLOSED.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

LONDON, June 1.—The Berry Hill coal mine at Stanley has caved in.

The shaft is closed up and a hundred miners are entombed.

Vigorous efforts are being made to clear away the debris and rescue the men, who are in danger of suffocation.

REORGANIZING THE SCTIONS.

Rapid Progress Being Made by the Central Labor Union.

The Organization Committee of the Central Labor Union has reorganized the Building Trades Section, and the latter will meet hereafter on Wednesday evening of each week.

The Miscellaneous Section will meet on Tuesday evenings. The Printing Trades Section has been merged into the Miscellaneous body.

The Committee is engaged in reorganizing the Metal-Workers' Section and will probably fix its meeting for Wednesday evening of each week.

The other Sections will receive attention from the Committee as occasion requires.

A HORSE DETECTIVE.

The Test Made With the Gray Mare That Woodruff Drove.

Unguided by Rein She Trotted Straight to the Carlson Cottage.

Important Movements Going on in the Cronin Murder Case.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CHICAGO, June 1.—A very peculiar test was made by a Pinkerton detective last night to disprove the truth of the horse-thief, Woodruff's, story.

He has all along denied that he went near the Carlson cottage, in which Dr. Cronin was murdered, or that he hauled the doctor's body away.

He lies, or at least the sagacious old gray mare over which he handled the reins that night says so.

The animal was taken out by the detective at about the same time Woodruff drove her out on the night of May 4.

The detective allowed the reins to hang loosely over her back and allowed her to follow her own sweet will as to direction.

The old mare started off at a brisk walk and then fell into a trot.

She scooted up Lincoln avenue, turned down Ashland avenue, and in less than half an hour stood at the door of 1872 Ashland avenue, where Dr. Cronin was assassinated.

The detective swears that he did not touch the lines during the whole trip which, by the way, was not by a particularly circuitous one.

Woodruff, when told of the circumstance to-day, smiled grimly but said nothing.

It is evident that something important in the Cronin case is being worked up, though what it is Chief Hubbard will not say.

Early this morning Lieutenant of Detectives Elliott telephoned excitedly to the City Station, asking that every available detective be sent out to the Central station.

A small army of extra men was despatched to Elliott, who sent them out on a mysterious mission.

Chief Hubbard admitted this morning that the overwhelming evidence against William Starkey, the jury briber now in Canada.

The police will take steps to arrest him at once.

The Odddest Museum in the Country—Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

CAUSED BY HIS STEPSON.

A DESPERATE MAN'S EXPLANATION FOR HIS DOUBLE CRIME.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PHILADELPHIA, June 1.—Robert M. Roseberry, shot his wife and then killed himself last night by putting three pistol balls in his head on the doorstep of the house of William P. Davis, 2044 Amber street, son of Mrs. Roseberry by a former husband. The woman is lying at the Episcopal Hospital in a very critical condition. Roseberry died instantly.

On the following pages of a memorandum book found in his pocket he narrates the cause of his trouble as follows:

"I was troubled with the stepsons, which I raised up from babes. They have never given me any satisfaction, and my wife and I were old enough,